California Number

WESTERN GOLFER

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1899

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THIS BOOK CONTAINS DESCRIPTIONS OF GOLF COURSES, POINTS OF INTEREST AND LEADING RESORTS

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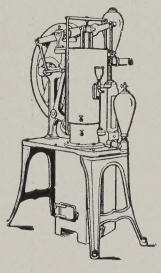

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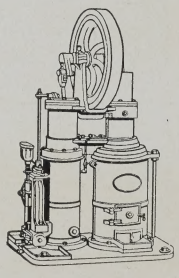

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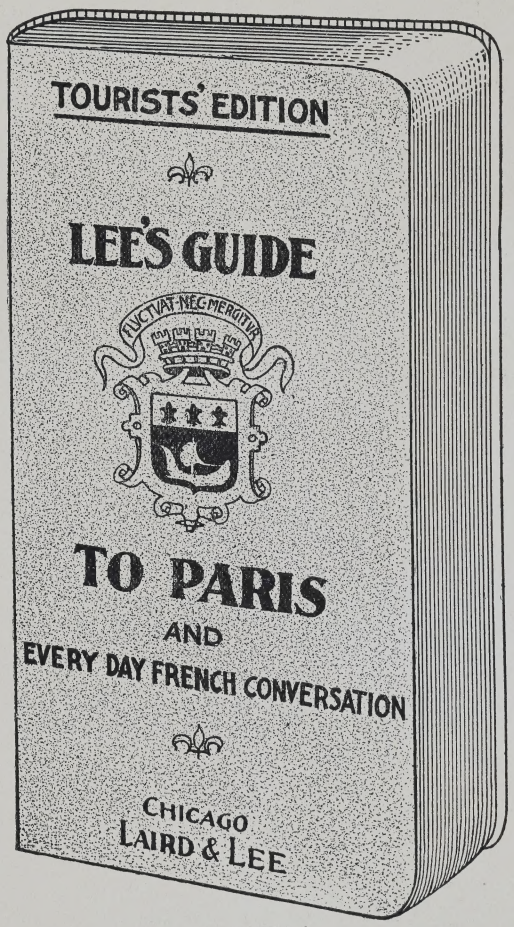

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COMMENTS

I find "Lee's Guide to Paris" extremely interesting, and believe it would be of great value to visitors unfamiliar with that city.—*Paul Blackmar, Director of Affairs of the U. S. Commission to the Paris Exposition, 1900*

"Lee's Guide to Paris" is a handy little book just issued in good time for the exposition of 1900. In shape and size it is adapted to the pocket and it contains an extensive collection of just the words and phrases which one is most likely to wish to know.—*New York Press.*

"Lee's Guide to Paris" will serve a good turn to the stranger within the walls of the French capital, and is very attractive. The time is near when "*tout le monde*" will be leaving America for the exposition of 1900, and it is just as well that 100,000 of these should be arranging their vocabulary.—*Boston Times.*

A noteworthy little book, beautifully printed and admirably shaped and bound for ready carriage in the pocket. It is a book for the intending visitor to study closely before he goes, and to carry about him all the time while there.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

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Book 2 | Chicago : November 15 : 1899 | Copy 1

BY WAY OF PARENTHESIS

THIS special number of THE WESTERN GOLFER, although it contains a number of high-class advertisements is in no sense a business proposition. It has resulted from a large number of inquiries sent to the publishers regarding the attractions that California can offer to those golfers who desire to turn their faces toward the land of sunshine and flowers when winter has wrapped its white mantel about this end of the earth.

With a view to giving all the information sought in the most interesting and reliable manner, Mr. Thomas H. Arnold made a tour of inspection of the Golden State and herein presents accurate accounts of what he there saw. The matter has been prepared solely for the information of the readers of THE WESTERN GOLFER, and in perusing it we only ask that they bear in mind that not a line of it partakes of the nature of paid matter in any sense. Things have been written down just as found, without cost and without price, that our readers may know just what to expect when visiting "the other side of the continent."

Two points are conspicuous in a journey through California, viz.: First—The game is young there and experienced golfers few, hence good players are the exception rather than the rule. Second—Grass is almost an unknown quantity, therefore the difference in the game there and on our turf greens is very marked. But the courses offer novelty, and the people are clever, whole-souled and not conceited, and will gladly accept any pointers from their better schooled more eastern golf brethren.

To those who have never visited California we say, go if you can possibly do so. You will find there the garden spot of the earth, a land of beauty, romance and many ancient memories, and an army of golfers who fully understand the meaning of the word hospitality. Of course the most attractive points have been selected for descriptions, for to such, we are sure, the high class of readers who peruse THE WESTERN GOLFER will desire to devote their attention. Nothing has been overdrawn, no adverse criticism omitted where it is justly due, and we feel that the effort to conscientiously discharge a duty to our readers will meet with their hearty approval.

In conclusion, Mr. Arnold desires to express his high appreciation of the consideration and courtesy extended to him as the representative of THE WESTERN GOLFER by Mr. C. A. Higgins of Chicago and Mr. J. J. Byrne and H. K. Gregory of Los Angeles, representatives of the Santa Fe and Southern California Railway systems; Mr. Jas. Horsburgh, Jr., and Mr. Wm. McMurray of San Francisco, and Mr. C. P. White of Los Angeles, representatives of the Southern Pacific Company, who afforded him every facility and assistance in making his investigations most thorough and complete.

THE PUBLISHERS.

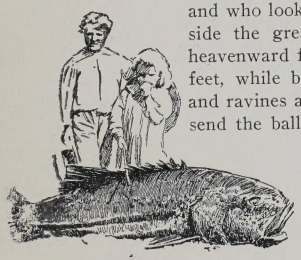
BEAUTIFUL SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

TO THE GOLFERS who go to the Coast let me give one very serious injunction—whatever else you do, whatever other point you may skip, do not miss a trip to Santa Catalina Island, which lies twenty-five miles out in the Pacific ocean, and is reached in about three hours from Los Angeles. The trip from the latter point is made by rail to San Pedro and thence by a run of two and one-half hours on the steamers of the Banning Company.

First, since the readers of THE WESTERN GOLFER are primarily and principally interested in the facilities for indulging in the Royal and Ancient game, I will take up the subject of the golf course at Avalon and then I shall go into some interesting detail concerning this most marvelous and picturesque spot, where nature has a perfect storehouse of marvels.

While the golf course belongs—as does everything else on this island—to the Banning Company, its control has been vested in an organization the same as our golf clubs. The company acts as guarantors for the operating expenses of the club, while the management rests in a council (the same as our boards of directors) composed of members of the club. Thus it will be seen that the most thorough and gratifying conditions exist, and nothing is wanting that can contribute to the excellence of the grounds or the enjoyment of its frequenters. Members in good standing of any other golf club who may visit the island are entitled to visiting membership, no membership or other fees being charged.

Some of you have heard of sporty golf courses, but let me say to you here and now that the course here is a little beyond anything in that line that is known to our more eastern golfers. At one moment you are playing in a smooth little valley and the next you are on a plateau a hundred or so feet high, from which you gaze down upon the players following you, and who look like so many midgets. On every side the great rough mountains reach away heavenward for a distance of from 500 to 1,800 feet, while below and about you are canyons and ravines and pretty valleys, over which you send the ball sailing on its journey from hole to hole. But the most unique feature of this as well as all other California courses is the putting greens. They look like the hairless craniums in the front row at a performance of the Black Crook. A blade of grass is unknown to them, for they are made of earth, hard rolled and sprinkled with fine sand. They are built round, and about the most lucid description I can conjure up of them is that they resemble a huge grind-stone with the regulation hole in the center.



But for putting they are "dreams." The golfer who is used to turf finds them deceiving at first, for the ball naturally has a long roll over such a smooth surface, but one soon gets familiar with them and then their attractive features become apparent. No one will deny that turf is susceptible of more scientific golf than sand greens, but the latter are by no means unattractive. At any rate, they must suffice here, for grass is an unknown quantity in California in the summer time, and even in winter it is not of a quality to make greens.

On the point of a picturesque hill, about a quarter of a mile from the Hotel Metropole, sits the cosy little club house. It is not pretentious, but is picturesque and contains reception rooms, locker rooms, halls, buffet, etc., and a spacious veranda which overlooks almost the entire course. Upon the brow of this hill a little to the left of the club house is the first tee, from which the ball is sent away to the hole, "Cruz," a distance of 277 yards, the green being about fifty feet below the level of the tee; bogey for this hole is 4. From the second tee the player encounters the first and only artificial bunker of the course, it is a high fence constructed of wire netting. The second hole, "Miguel," is 178 yards straight down the valley, the bogey being 4. From the third tee the drive is to a plateau about seventy-five feet sheer above the player, requiring a clean carry of about 105 yards to reach a safe lie; less than this and the ball will roll back into the valley; the distance to the hole "Nicolas" is 259 yards, and the bogey 5. The fourth tee is on the edge of a great ravine, across which the ball must be sent to reach the fourth hole, "Catalina," 280 yards away on another plateau. Back across

AVALON AND THE BAY

this ravine, by a little foot bridge one comes to the fifth tee and starts for the fifth hole, "Clement," which is located 167 yards distant, on the same plateau as the third hole. The sixth tee is on the edge of a great bluff, and in the valley, seventy feet below, is the hole "Anacapa," the distance being 230 yards and the bogey 4. Then comes another of those great natural bunkers, the bluff rising forty-five feet in front of the seventh tee; the hole is but 120 yards distant, but it is on top of the table land and requires pretty work to reach it in bogey 3. The eighth hole lies northwest 230 yards and is also on this table land; this hole is "Barbara" and is bogey 4. From the eighth hole we walk around a huge knoll, cross a deep ravine on a little foot bridge, and start for the ninth hole, "Guadalupe," 185 yards away, just north of the club house, and beside the excellent tennis court. One must cross the ravine and down a rolling stretch of ground to reach the green; the bogey is 3. The entire distance of the course is 1,926 yards, but, as I have said, it is the sportiest 1,926 yards one could travel. Bogey of the course is 36, and the Colonel has never been down.

The active affairs of the club are in the hands of the secretary, Mr. N. W. Howard, a good golfer, whose 185 pounds of avoirdupois is made up entirely of good nature and wholesouled hospitality.

And now let me say something of the pleasures here to be found when the golfer rests for the nonce from the pursuit of the ball.

The principal of these is a view of the submarine wonders, as seen from a glass-bottomed boat. I was taken out in one of these little "view vessels" by Al. Stumpf, who has charge of the boat Olympia, and who is about the best posted and most entertaining boatman on the beach. Often have I heard the expression, "I would like to know what is in Davy Jones' locker," and now I know that below the billowy surface are greater wonders than I ever dreamed of. The view through the bottom of the boat was one of perfect enchantment. There, at a depth of from twenty to 100 feet I saw mighty forests of kelp weed, its leaves of perfect amber, waving gracefully to and fro, some broad and bulky, others long and slender, like great streamers of ribbon, and still others resembling a lady's feather boa. I looked upon mountains of rock and valleys of shells that gave back all the colors of the rainbow, and in and out among the niches and the caverns I saw a million bright-hued fish of many varieties dart hither and thither. Gold fish from twelve to eighteen inches long, yellow tails from two to five feet in length and looking like burnished silver; electric fish of a deep crimson hue and flaked with small blue irredescent spots that looked like myriads of tiny electric lights; rock bass with their rich coloring of dappled brown, and the great sheephead, with their deep purple heads and tails and scarlet bodies that made them look as though the denizen of the deep night have donned a gold coat—all these and a thousand others were as plain to

my vision as though I held them in my palm. But there is no use trying to paint a word picture of the grandeur, the magnificence of this paradise in the deep; it simply beggars description and is worth going thousands of miles to see.

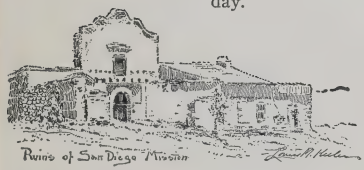
Then there is the bathing, sailing, rowing, and by no means the least attractive feature—the ride up those grand old mountains in the stage coach, drawn by six horses. You climb slowly up, up, up, to a distance of some two thousand feet, gaze upon a panoramic view of land and water that is rarely equalled for its magnificence, and then come sailing down that three and a half miles of mountain road in eighteen minutes, all the while wondering if you are going to be pitched into eternity over the steep precipices around which the road winds like a huge snake.

The Metropole and the Island Villa are the leading hotels, both of which are owned and operated by the Banning Company. They are passing comfortable, but for such a lovely spot, capable of so much grandeur, they are totally inadequate and below par. The same estimate may be applied to the boats that ply between San Pedro and the island. If I may be allowed to offer a word of advice to the Banning Company I will say, get a new boat, build a modern hotel and put in an electric light plant, and, gentlemen, you will have one of the grandest and most successful enterprises on God's footstool. Without these you are sadly handicapped, and the sooner this is realized the sooner will you reap the reward that should attach to such a magnificent holding.

A GOOD CALIFORNIA INSTRUCTOR.

THE subject of this sketch is instructor at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal. He was born near St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1865, and learned the game with Archie Simpson and others of that time whose names have since made a part of golf history. Melville came to America sixteen years ago to "try his luck" on the ranches of the Far West. After devoting fourteen years to this line and railroading, he took up golf again in 1897, becoming instructor for the Oakland Golf Club, Oakland, Cal., where he remained a year and a half, and then accepted the position of instructor at the Hotel del Monte, where he has remained in spite, as he says, "of many flattering offers from the East." Melville understands the game very thoroughly and is an excellent teacher, possessing the faculty of imparting the knowledge very rapidly. He is a good player and is exceedingly anxious to test his skill with some of the more eastern players, believing that, while he is in no sense a candidate for championship honors, he can hold his own with some of the very good ones of today.

JAMES MELVILLE
Instructor at Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, Cal.



CORONADA BEACH.

NINTH GREEN, CORONADO.

HAD those who builded the great Hotel del Coronado been given the world and told to construct a city the work could not have been more complete than it is at this great caravansary. In the language of Mercutio, "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough," by which I mean that though it does not cover the world, yet within its four walls, from cellar to dome, is a great miniature city, with its arts and artesans, its thinking business people, and people who have thrown business to the wind, given up thinking, and abandoned themselves to the full enjoyment of life amid scenes and surroundings most enchanting.

It seems perfectly appropriate to call this a perfect wilderness of hotel building (mark you, that word is in the singular), for starting at the bottom and going through the five stories one would travel almost ten miles of hallways, balconies and corridors. Think about that for a moment and then try to comprehend the immensity of the structure. It covers four and a half acres—just the hotel building proper—and as many as 350 persons are employed in the various departments of its conduct.

But it is not an imposing structure from the exterior. I don't think frame buildings ever are; wood is not as susceptible of grandeur of effect as stone, brick or stucco. But it is pretty, and the ingenuity of an excellent architect was evidently taxed to the extreme to avoid prosaic contour and monotonous sameness. A glance at the illustration of the structure which appears in this number will carry conviction on this point.

The great traveling and pleasure seeking public has come to know, however, that the chief charm of the Hotel del Coronado lies in an analysis of it in its entirety—the beautiful grounds, the delightful location, the health giving temperature, the life prolonging atmosphere, the elegance of furnishing, the excellence of service, and the perfectness of every detail in its construction, equipping and operation. Those things combine to establish the popularity of such a resort, and it is then not one of the seven wonders of the world that the fame of the Hotel del Coronado has spread broadcast.

How's that? O, tell you about golf at the Coronado first! Yes. I'd neglected the fact that that is nearest to your hearts.

Well, to begin with then, just a short distance from the hotel is the grounds and cosy club house of the Coronado Golf Club, an organization separate and distinct in itself, but one which permits the guests of the hotel to enjoy its every privilege under appropriate rules and regulations. The course is nine holes, but unlike those of Catalina, Los Angeles and Pasadena, the land is perfectly level. But don't imagine for a minute that it is not sporty, for numerous road hazards and bunkers make it so. The course lies along the ocean and the bay almost its entire distance and the delightful breeze and salt water aroma exercise a most invigorating effect on the players. The holes bear no names, and the distances are as follows:

1	337	6	322
2	205	7	354
3	349	8	288
4	411	9	261
5	203		
Total			2,730

If you will take the trouble to look at the

THE HOTEL DEL CORONADO—From the Northeast.

diagram which is printed herewith a thorough idea of the course will probably be the result. Here I have seen the only turf green in Southern California. It looked awfully refreshing to me. There were nine of them, but eight have gone the way of all grass in this country and only one remains—at the ninth hole.

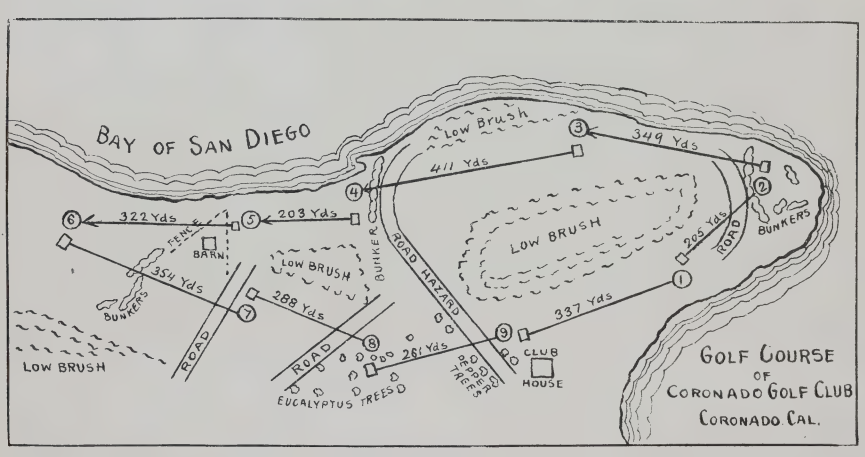
The club house is not overly large, but it is cosy and conveniently arranged, furnished in pretty fashion and is altogether very attractive. There is a large lounging room, cosy side rooms, pantry and locker rooms, and toilets for men and women, and a pretty veranda with attractive lawn in front. It makes a very pretty picture, nestling beside the bay.

Bogey of the course is 39, but the Colonel was invariably a good many up while I was there, because the long dry spell had made the course exceedingly dusty; in fact, it was a complete hazard from start to finish. But with the coming of the fall and winter rains this condition will change much for the better. As in all the other California places, they play golf here 365 days in the year. Alex Smith, the professional of the Washington Park Club, Chicago, will be in charge here during the coming winter.

And now let me take you back to the subject of the Hotel del Coronado, which is open the year around, and where, in the winter season especially, gather the wealthy and cultured from all sections of this country. Among the most prominent Chicago people who here find a "surcease from their sorrows" are Messrs. Marshal Field, Walter Dupee, Arthur J. Caton, and a number of others, and they ride, drive, bathe and play golf all through the winter.

There are 700 rooms in the house, to say nothing of the innumerable parlors, reception rooms, billiard and reading rooms, dining and smoking rooms, ball rooms, etc. All are furnished in handsome style, either in mahogany or curly oak, with the exception of two, one of which is known as the "white and gold room" and the other as the "red room." The word room as applied to them is a misnomer, for in reality they are suites, consisting of parlor, two bed rooms, bath, toilet and dressing rooms, and large closets. The "white and gold room" is all done in white, with gold stripings, and ornamentations in dainty design; the ceiling is in oil fresco of delicate colors, with medalion portraits of famous artists in the four corners. The furniture is in white enamel, with gilt trimmings, and the whole bears a tone of elegance that has prompted with some the application of the title "Bridal Chamber" to the suite. The "red room" is a counterpart of the other, only substituting the rich red mahogany effects for the white.

A peculiar arrangement of the rooms above the first floor is that they all open into large reception rooms. Groups of from four to nine rooms or suits cluster about these reception rooms, so, if they desire, the occupants of that particular section can have "family reunions" as it were and still enjoy practically the privacy of their own homes. But one of the most delightful features of this great place is that it is built in a hollow square and all of the rooms either open on the ocean front or on a tremendous court in the center of the building, where giant palms and sweet exotics flourish in tropical luxuriance all the year, and where gaudy-hued cockatoos and other denizens of the forest flit about among the exquisite foliage. But words are inadequate to a comprehensive description of such a place; word paintings fail



of adequate result, and it needs personal inspection to induce a realization of the real beauty and attractiveness.

Among the out-door attractions at Coronado, besides golf, are picturesque rides and drives, sailing, rowing, fishing from both boats and the great ocean pier, surf and indoor bathing, tennis, shooting, and visits to the botannical gardens, ostrich farm, etc. Then there are short trips to La Jolla, Cal., and Tia Juana, Mex., the former being famous for the wonderful caves and caverns that have been washed into the great cliffs by the surging, restless ocean, and the latter because it is a quaint little place in a foreign country, just across the border of the land of the Montezumas.

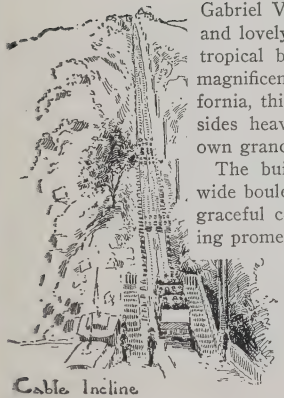
Then, of course, just across the bay, is the city of San Diego, with its quaint, low buildings and its population of 15,000—Americans, Chinamen, Mexicans, Spaniards, half-breeds, Japs and heaven only knows what else. It is a slow, sleepy place, but made interesting by the associations and reminiscences that cling about it. It is, at least, worth inspection by the tourist.

HOME OF CORONADO GOLF CLUB.

PASADENA'S ATTRACTIONS.

A GLANCE at the double-page illustration to be found in this volume will convince even the most skeptical that the tourist can find no more luxurious or delightful place than the Hotel Green, Pasadena. It must have been a difficult matter to conceive, much less to build and equip, a hotel that would be in thorough keeping with such exquisite environment, but not only has it been here conceived, but here it has been executed in even its minutest detail.

Cradled in the lap of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, nestling among orange groves and lovely homes, and on every side the semi-tropical beauties of Italy, combined with the magnificent fruits and flowers of Southern California, this magnificent hostelry rears its great sides heavenward as though conscious of its own grandeur.



The buildings, erected on both sides of a wide boulevard of asphalt, and connected by a graceful covered arch which affords a charming promenade, are of Moorish design, the yellow, stuccoed sides forming a pleasing contrast with the beautiful grounds and the wilderness of lovely flowers that surrounds them. Looking at it from the exterior, one imagines, for an instant, that he has been suddenly transported to the preserves of the magnificent palaces that we read about in some far off clime.

It is a waking dream of magnificence. Nor does the inside disenchant the beholder or belie the handsome exterior. There one is brought even to a more forceful realization that the thought of expense has cut absolutely no figure in perfecting the plans of the owner, Col. G. G. Green.

Nothing ordinary can be found from basement to roof. It is ideal. Great central rooms, with huge lounging chairs; magnificent parlors with exquisite furniture in solid mahogany and ebony, and upholstering and drapery of the daintiest fabric; Moorish rooms with a world of antique ornaments and costly statuary; a theatre with handsome drop curtain and scenery, the walls of which are decorated in

OFF FOR THE CHASE FROM HOTEL DEL CORONADO.

oil by a master hand, the ceiling bearing allegorical groups appropriate to the occasion, and the working out of which cost a small fortune alone; billiard rooms, bowling alleys, dining halls, children's play rooms, all perfect in their arrangement and furnishing, are viewed in rapid succession, and one soon begins to wonder if aught that can possibly contribute to man's comfort or enjoyment has been overlooked or neglected.

The sleeping rooms, single or en suite, are not less elegant than the other portions of the place. Massive furniture of solid mahogany or birds-eye maple is to be found in each. Perfect beds, with snowy linen, that make sleeping a positive luxury; large couches and easy chairs for lounging, secretaries, etc., in abundance; dainty bath rooms done in white tiling, with mosaic floors; Axminster carpets, rich in color and which give back no sound of the footfall, all combine to give the rooms an odor of elegance that can be better imagined than described.

A striking feature about the Hotel Green is that it is absolutely fireproof. Beyond the door and window casings and a strip an inch and a half broad, around the outer edge of rooms and halls, and to which the carpets are tacked, I do not think there is a bit of wood in the structure. It is one mass of iron, steel, concrete and tiling, and Old Nick himself would probably give up in disgust were he to endeavor to burn it.

The attractions here are many. Rides and drives over mountains and valleys to the most picturesque spots or points of historic interest; bicycling trips to the sea shore, etc., are all features highly enticing, but one point that will interest my readers as much as aught else is that there is an

EXCELLENT GOLF COURSE

connected with the hotel, which is kept exclusively for the use of the guests. It is a nine-hole course, situated about a mile from the hotel and quickly reached by conveyance or by electric car. A diagram of the course appears in this volume, which will convey a good idea of its excellence and attractiveness. The land, something over fifty acres, is of a rolling nature and quite sporty. Unlike most courses in this section, it is dotted here and there with magnificent oak trees, which afford delightful shade and create difficulties that are often disastrous. There are but two artificial hazards, the ground being naturally almost all that could be desired in this respect.

On the northwest corner of the ground a cosy club house has just been erected, where the devotees of the game find every comfort and convenience. There are reception and lunch rooms, lockers for men and women, spacious verandas, and proper accommodations for the professional and the caddies. The course will this winter be under the charge of William Watson, who arrived last April from St. Andrews, Scotland, and who during the season has been the professional of the Minnikahda Club of Minneapolis. His advent in this section will be an innovation, as the genuine St. Andrews article is scarce in California. But, as in everything else, mine host Holmes is determined to have only the best on his golf course.

I had the honor of naming the holes of the course during my visit. They are:

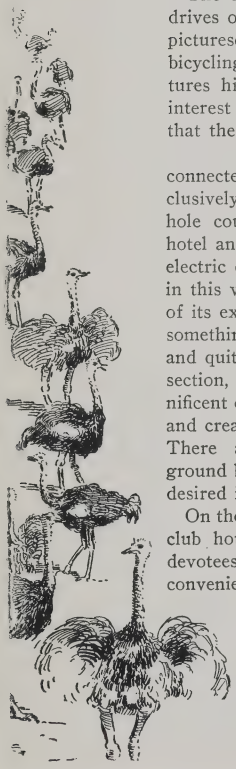
1—Get Away.....	265	6—Tourist.....	320
2—Cross Road...	195	7—The Swing....	235
3—The Hollow...	218	8—Elbow.....	245
4—Trouble.....	230	9—Pasadena.....	215
5—Gauntlet.....	220		
Total	2,143		

To sum up the situation here, I would say that our golfers can find no more delightful spot in which to enjoy themselves when trying to escape the rigor of our winters than at Pasadena and with mine host Holmes of the Hotel Green. He is a boniface who understands the analysis of the word "hospitality" in its minutest detail, and whose fat sides and round face bear the imprint of good nature and wholesouled hospitality in every feature. There is more music in his laugh than there is in a thousand orchestras or brass bands, and there is not more eternal sunshine in the glorious climate of California than there is in his disposition.

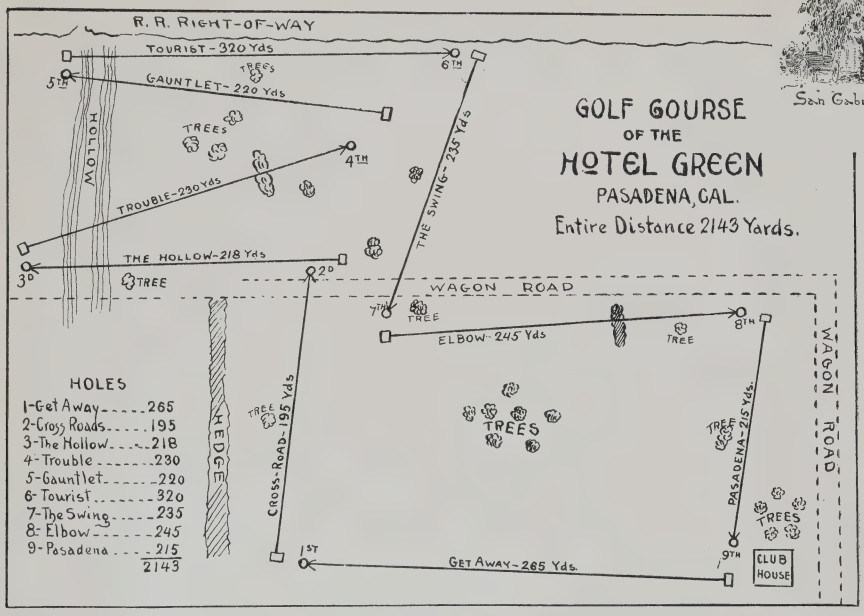
PASADENA COUNTRY CLUB.

About two and a half miles from the city is the grounds of the Pasadena Country Club, an organization which makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity of membership. The grounds are very picturesque, the view magnificent, the club house attractive and comfortable, the course (nine holes) good; but the difficulty in reaching the place is great, owing to the necessity of having to employ a private conveyance for the journey.

This course is among the best in the state and every advantage has been taken of the ground in laying it out; it is sporty and offers a test of good golf. The one great point for criticism, however, are the abominable wire netting bunkers. I have yet to discover a sufficient excuse for these libels on the term bunker and can not conceive how the greens committee of any club can tolerate them for a moment. And yet they are to be found on several of the California courses. But the Pasadena Country Club has gone farther than any



San Gabriel Mission.



of the others by allowing one of these affairs to be constructed on the sixth course, with a hood put over it and a ditch at its foot. If a ball strikes the net it can neither be played backward or forward and a player must of necessity give up the hole. There is no license for such an obstacle and its being on the course is simply to make the club ridiculous in the eyes of good golfers.

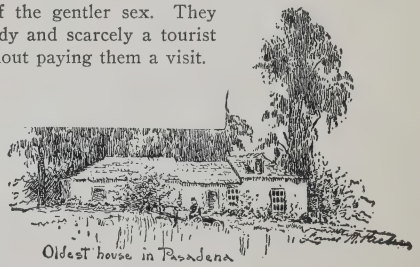
I am much in hopes this club will do away with these wire bunkers entirely, as its grounds and its course are too excellent to be thus disfigured.

The view from the south piazza of the club house is very beautiful, the vision sweeping up and down the beautiful San Gabriel valley, than which there is none richer or more picturesque in all the land—for a distance of thirty miles. It was in this beautiful valley that the Spanish monks founded the San Gabriel Mission in 1771; the old building still stands in a state of good preservation.

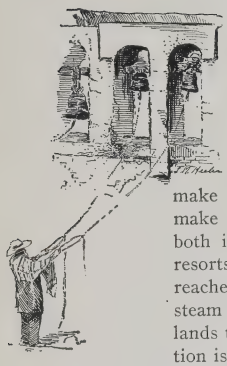
OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

Pasadena is rich in attractions, the description of which would consume far more space than is here allotted to me, but I can not refrain from touching upon a few more of them at least. Conspicuous among these is Mount Lowe, which affords one of the most famous mountain trips of this country. The ascent is begun at the end of the Altadena electric line, by a great cable incline. Nearly half a mile from the starting point you are lifted a distance of almost a quarter of a mile in a perpendicular direction, tilted chair cars maintaining your equilibrium. Thus you reach Echo mountain, where a beautiful panorama of sky, cloud and earth is laid before you, and you find here a good hotel and the Swift observatory to divide your interest. Taking up your journey you go over the Alpine division, with its 3,000 foot gorge, its five mysterious rivers of the rocks, circular bridge, etc., until you reach the Alpine tavern, 5,000 feet above sea level. By bridle path, 1,000 feet higher, you reach the summit of Mount Lowe, the grandeur of the view and the surroundings beggaring description.

Then there is the ostrich farm at South Pasadena, where 100 of the great birds are cared for and plucked that their magnificent plumes may decorate the heads of the gentler sex. They are an interesting study and scarcely a tourist leaves Pasadena without paying them a visit.


Oldest house in Pasadena

LOS ANGELES.

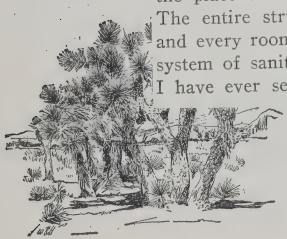


TO THE TOURIST there is no city away from the coast in Southern California that will offer more attractions than Los Angeles, not alone from the progressive and interesting nature of the place, but because it is a most convenient point at which to make headquarters and from which to make excursions to various points of interest, both inland and on the coast. The beautiful resorts of Santa Monica and Redondo are reached from here in a few minutes, either by steam or electric lines, and a thirty minute run lands the traveler at San Pedro, where connection is made with the steamers for Santa Catalina Island, within sight of the railroad wharf, being the famous Long Beach. Electric lines make fifteen minute trips to Pasadena, and, in fact, to the visitor making Los Angeles headquarters all of the famous sights and scenes of the section are easily available.

My advice to the tourist is to establish headquarters in Los Angeles at the Hotel Westminster, and then, like the devil fish, reach out your arms in every direction seeking what you may devour.

The Westminster is situated in the business center and for ten years past has had an international reputation, and, by making it their domicile tourists avoid those hotel experiments which are so often discomfiting, not to say really annoying. It is located at the corner of Fourth and Main streets, two of the principal thoroughfares. Two lines of street cars pass the doors, direct from the depots of transcontinental roads, and transfers are given from those lines to every other line of the city, thus making even the most remote points easy of access.

The Westminster is thorough and complete in all of its details. Nearly all of the rooms are large, sunny and perfect in appointment, and most of them, whether single or en suite, have baths, while for family or party use as many as eight rooms may be thrown into one suite. The furnishings are of the latest and most pleasing designs, the decorations dainty and attractive, and altogether there is an air of restfulness and pleasing home likeness about the place that make it more than attractive. The entire structure is lighted by electricity and every room is heated by steam, while the system of sanitation is as perfect as anything I have ever seen. On the first floor are the great corridors, the office, ladies' reception and writing room, gentlemen's reading room and the spacious cafe, above the entrance to which, on a balcony, an orchestra renders an excellent programme each evening.



The large corridors and the office are a symphony in pink marble, the counters are of Mexican onyx, the ceilings are ornamented by staff work, done in Italian renaisance style, while the floors are of tiling in handsome inlaid design.

The hotel is conducted on both the American and European plans, and the service in the cafe is in thorough keeping with the elegance of the other portions of the house.

This splendid hostelry is presided over by F. O. Johnson, than whom no better hotel man or more congenial, cultured gentleman ever did the honors for distinguished guests. He is a little fellow, but, O my! what a bunch of tireless hotel energy and wholesouled hospitality. Mr. Johnson is an enthusiastic golfer and a member of the Los Angeles Country Club.

LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB.

Formost among the clubs of Southern California stands the Los Angeles Country Club, an organization whose regular features embrace golf, lawn tennis and trap shooting. The grounds are located within a short distance of the heart of the city and are reached by electric car or over beautiful drives by private conveyance. The roll at present comprises 310 members—the leaders of commercial and social life—and there is a long waiting list. So rapid has been the growth of the club that in August last the old nine-hole course was abandoned and new ground secured, where, on 106 acres of as pretty land as one could wish over which to drive a ball, a new eighteen-hole course was laid out. The club house was moved from the old ground and enlarged to about three times its original size, the entire investment now representing about $36,000, the ground being worth $26,500 and the club house about $9,500. This means an extensive establishment out here, for the houses do not require construction to provide for cold winters.

The names and distances of the holes are

1—The Corner...	220	11—Longacre.....	560
2—Windward...	350	12—Round Top...	185
3—Terrace.....	220	13—Hillside.....	350
4—Twin.....	200	14—Toboggan.....	290
5—Dinky.....	113	15—Mesa.....	300

OFFICE AND CORRIDOR, HOTEL WESTMINSTER, LOS ANGELES.

6—Bridge.....	270	16—Horse Shoe ..	300
7—Lookout.....	400	17—Pico.....	330
8—Adobe.....	460	18—Home.....	540
9—Midway.....	300		
10—Punch Bowl..	160	Total	5,548

A nine-hole course is made by playing to the sixth hole and then 16, 17 and 18, which gives a finish in front of the club house, the same as when the eighteen are played. Bogey for the nine holes is 39, and for the eighteen it is 80.

Huge ditches cross the property at two points and these with five artificial bunkers furnish numerous and dangerous obstacles, which at times can only be avoided by careful and steady play. The land is rolling to a high degree, bordering almost on chasms and table lands, consequently the course is exceedingly sporty. I am of opinion that the fifth hole should have been christened "Profanity," for it is extremely dangerous and more than one good golfer will search his vocabulary of cuss words for something adequate to express his feelings on going into the great ditch that almost surrounds the little peninsular upon which the green is located. The sixteenth hole bears a striking resemblance to it, and I am very much of the opinion that with the two there will be many cases of religion cast to the wind. But then, that is golf, and the greens committee of this club, which laid out the course, has entered into the spirit of the game very thoroughly. The president of the club is M. S. Severance and the Secretary Charles Monroe.

The ground upon which the club is located in reality, belongs to the Country Club Land Association, an incorporated stock company, the stockholders all being members of the club. The capital stock is $50,000, $36,000 of which is paid in. This company leases the land and club house to the club. The president of the land association is J. F. Sartori, and the Secretary Percy W. Hoyle.

AN IMPORTANT INSTITUTION.

While I am on the subject of golf in Los Angeles let me say to you that I was much gratified to find in that city the largest and best

LA CASA LOMA HOTEL, REDLANDS.

equipped sporting goods house on the Coast. This is the Tufts-Lyons Arms Company, which does a tremendous business in all kinds of sporting goods. Our golfers need feel no uneasiness on heading for the Coast lest they be unable to obtain the highest quality of clubs, balls, etc. The Tufts-Lyons Arms Company carries a complete assortment of all things necessary to the playing of the royal and ancient game. Mr. Tufts is an expert golfer and as he gives his personal attention to the golf goods department of the establishment it goes without saying that it is properly conducted. The extent and importance of the establishment of the Tufts-Lyons Arms Company reminded me very forcibly of our own great house of A. G. Spalding & Bro., although the stock is more varied, for the Tufts-Lyons Arms Company carries a line of clubs, etc., of all the leading makes.

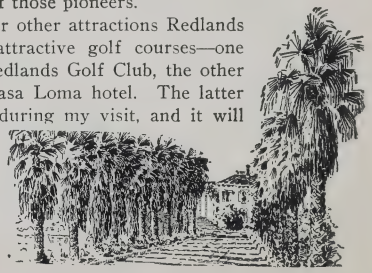
DINING ROOM, HOTEL WESTMINSTER, LOS ANGELES.

REDLANDS AND RIVERSIDE.

THE "Kite Shaped Track" and the "Inside Track." Those two euphoneous titles will send a thrill to the hearts of some of the lovers of fine horseflesh, and doubtless some of you imagine that I am going to deliver myself of a symposeum on racing. But I am not. Those are the titles applied to parts of the Santa Fe and of the Southern Pacific systems, which encircle the famous San Bernardino Valley, and upon which, at a distance of about sixty miles east of Los Angeles are located the little cities of Redlands and Riverside, nestling in the lap of the greatest fruit producing locality of the entire state. A trip through California ignoring a journey over one of these lines and a stop at Redlands and Riverside, would be a failure.

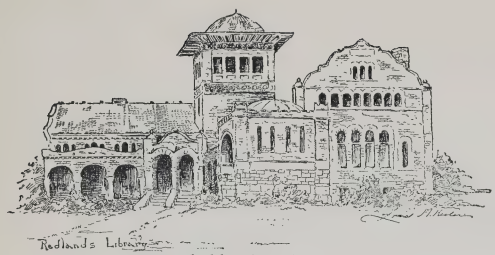
Ten years ago the little village of Lugonia, adjacent to the present site of Redlands, gave scarcely a hint of the thriving city that has now supplanted it. Then a number of Chicago men organized a company for the purpose of forming a settlement in California, and this spot was chosen and a busy city of 4,000 people, surrounded by 8,000 acres of citrus fruit and 3,000 acres of deciduous fruit, and with paved streets, electric lights and car line, water works, handsome business blocks and residences, and one of the most inviting hotels in Southern California, now stands a monument to the foresight and energy of those pioneers.

Besides all of her other attractions Redlands now boasts two attractive golf courses—one the links of the Redlands Golf Club, the other the links of the Casa Loma hotel. The latter course I laid out during my visit, and it will



HOTEL GREEN,

EN, PASADENA.



probably be the scene of many interesting games by the time this reaches the eyes of the readers of THE WESTERN GOLFER. The course is about the best level one that I know of hereabouts. It has no hills or rolling places, but there are a sufficiency of road hazards and bunkers to make it exceedingly interesting.

The names of the holes and the distances are as follows:

1—The Shoot.....	325	6—Roadside.....	235
2—Danger.....	245	7—Angle.....	280
3—Baby.....	180	8—Lengthy.....	365
4—Heaven.....	225	9—Home.....	355
5—Corner.....	215		
Total			2,425

The course is located just a mile from the hotel, at the end of the electric car line which passes the door of the Casa Loma.

The course of the Redlands Golf Club is located about four miles farther east, up the valley, on what might be called the foothills of Mt. San Barnardino. The land is a continuation of hills and valleys, of such a sharp and abrupt nature as to have handicapped the laying out of the course considerably. Several of the greens are on a decided angle, which renders play anything but a certain quantity. Nine holes constitute the course, the entire distance being 2129 yards. The principal discommoding feature about the course is that it is about three miles from the business center and can only be reached by private conveyance—a feature, however, that renders the Casa Loma links so much more of value.

Casa Loma (the house on a hill) is, as I have said, one of the most attractive of the many hotels in this land of hostelries. Hardly as large as some of its more pretentious competitors for public favor, it has more of a homelike air, and one absorbs the spirit of restfulness that pervades the place the moment it is entered. Mine host Bohon, a prince of good fellows, has spent no end of time, and a lot of money, making improvements this season, and now everything looks spick-span new and not a feature is absent that can contribute to the comfort or pleasure of his guests.

There are many features of interest about Redlands. Here is found Canyon Crest Park, better known and renowned the world over as "Smiley Heights."

There is little use in trying to tell of two hundred acres of flower garden with a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs besides. The views, the wonderful drives, the lakes—you don't stop to count the flowers; it's enough to know that in trees there are forty varieties of eucalyptus, twenty of acacias, and fifteen of palms, and the tree catalogue hardly opened.

From here many points of interest in the mountains are reached, by stage, horseback or the philosophical burro, who has a soul above mountain heights and to whom no trail is too narrow, no trodden way too precipitous—if he have but time.

It is a striking metamorphosis accomplished by irrigation that a city worth at least a dozen million dollars, with all modern improvements, has replaced a lonely hillside where fifteen years ago the coyote and the jack-rabbit could find no green to sport upon.

RIVERSIDE.

Just south of Redlands, in the same beautiful valley and affording a view of the same grand old mountains, is Riverside, the home of three golf clubs—the Riverside Golf and Polo Club, the Rubidoux Golf Club and the Pachappa Golf Club. Rather an extensive array, is it not for a place of 8,000 population? But Riverside is a wealthy community and the people have the time, the means and the inclination for the sport. It is the home of C. E. Maude, president of the Southern California Golf Association and the player who carried off first honors at the State Championship at Del Monte in late August.

Here also we find another caravansary, presided over by Frank A. Miller, whom I introduced you to at the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica. This is the Glenwood Tavern and though not so large or of so much grandeur as Mr. Miller's other holding, it is a picturesque and attractive place indeed, and one that is taxed to its capacity at all times during the winter months. This speaks volumes for the attractiveness of Riverside and for the hospitality of Mr. Miller. Riverside has no narrowing city walls. It is bounded only by the hills. Within its municipal limits are fifty-six square miles of territory, and every mile productive of delicious fruits and lovely flowers in wondrous quantities. All of that end of the earth was taken into the incorporation to keep saloons out—and that has been done very effectually.

Miles of beautiful avenues and streets, tree-lined, flower-bordered, and sprinkled daily so as to make driving a comfort and a pleasure,

have given Riverside the reputation of being the most charming city on the Pacific Coast.

The fame and beauty of Magnolia and Victoria avenues, with their twenty miles of magnolia, pepper, palms, eucalyptus and grevillas, flanked by thousands of acres of magnificent orange groves, are unrivaled in the world.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, N. Y., calls it "a garden-plat ten miles long. One can ride or walk mile on mile through vineyards or orange groves, the wayside delineated by hedges or shaded by eucalyptus trees sixty feet high, almond trees in bloom, peach, pear, apricot, fig, and walnut thrown in for luxury and variety! The roads are hard and ringing beneath the trotter's feet, avenues of residences whose architecture is of no mean pretensions; fountains, flower gardens, pastures and mowing plats; in short, a garden township without a wasted acre."

SANTA MONICA AND REDONDO.

VIEW OF THE HOTEL ARCADIA FROM THE BEACH.

ALMOST attractive side trip from Los Angeles is that to Santa Monica and Redondo Beach, at both points there being much that will interest and prove enjoyable to the tourist. They are made easy of access by the splendid steam and electric railway service.

Both of these places are essentially summer resorts, but many travelers visit Santa Monica during the winter months (if any months can be called "winter" in that delightful climate), and the beautiful Hotel Arcadia is kept open the year around under the management of Frank A. Miller, one of the cleverest and most painstaking of the Western bonifaces.

The Hotel Arcadia faces the Pacific ocean and gives the sun one last occasion for a smile before he retires for the evening. The Arcadia has a superb setting of semi-tropic wealth on the land side. There is no hotel anywhere more modern or more attractive. The new fish grill-room, with its walls strung with the remainders of many a hard fought battle with rod and reel, would make any fish proud to be there.

Yachting, rowing, riding, tennis, golf, bicycling, driving, beachcombing, fishing, bathing, loafing, these are a few of the things that make every hour at Santa Monica worth a week of reality at home, and in the matter of recollection a year.

Santa Monica boasts two golf courses—the Ocean Park links, the property of Messrs. Dudley and Warner, and the course of the North Side Golf Club. The former was in a decided state of delapidation during my visit, for a race track was being made over a part of the course, which in my estimation will completely destroy the premises for golf playing. The other course is unattractive, both from the nature of the land, the construction of the greens and the unhandy manner in which the course is laid

out. Still some very interesting matches and tournaments are continually being played there, and in the absence of something better golfers will enjoy a round of the links. But the other features in the way of amusement—fishing, boating, bathing, riding, driving and a sojourn at the Hotel Arcadia—will more than compensate for the golf shortcomings, especially since the attractive course of the Los Angeles Country Club is so close at hand.

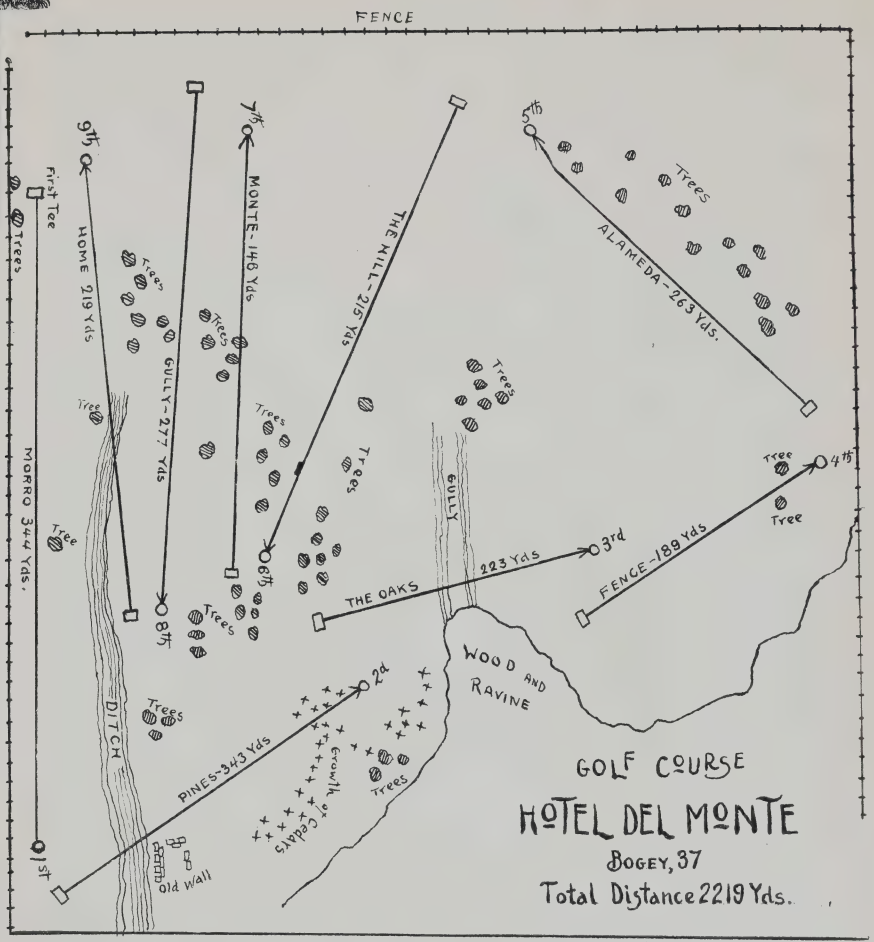
Redondo Beach is located a little further south on the Coast and at a distance of twenty-two miles from Los Angeles. The Hotel Redondo is a most attractive resting place during the summer, but on September 3, this year, its doors were closed for the season, consequently the place has lost what individuality it might have possessed heretofore as a winter resort. But a visit will not be out of place and the time spent there will by no means be thrown away. It holds within its limits some beautiful residences, carnation gardens, ancient Indian graves and numerous other attractive features, and offers the additional attractions of splendid surf bathing, yellow tail fishing and boating. A golf course, mediocre in its character, is connected with the Hotel Redondo, but since the hostelry is closed for the winter the links will probably offer little attraction to our golfers from the east, hence I shall not go into a detailed description of them.

AT DEL MONTE.

COMPARISONS, they say, are odious, and I quite agree with that assertion and desire to be not considered as drawing any when I say that of all the lovely spots I ever saw this certainly appeals to me the strongest. And right here let me say to the golfers of our section who are contemplating a trip toward the setting sun, include Del Monte in your itinerary, else you will miss a treat, for missing which no other pleasure of your journey can compensate. I have written of no place that is not worth a journey from one side of the continent to the other, and should the readers of these articles decide to visit them I say in all seriousness, don't leave out Del Monte.

Had I the pen of a Byron or an Emerson I must yet fail of language adequate to describe the beauties of this spot. That is no extravagant assertion, nor is it the biased verdict of a penny-a-liner, but it is an honest assertion, made with a full cognizance of the fact that a

Hotel del Monte
Monterey
California



number of my readers will doubtless make a personal inspection and will censure me severely should they be led to expect what does not exist.

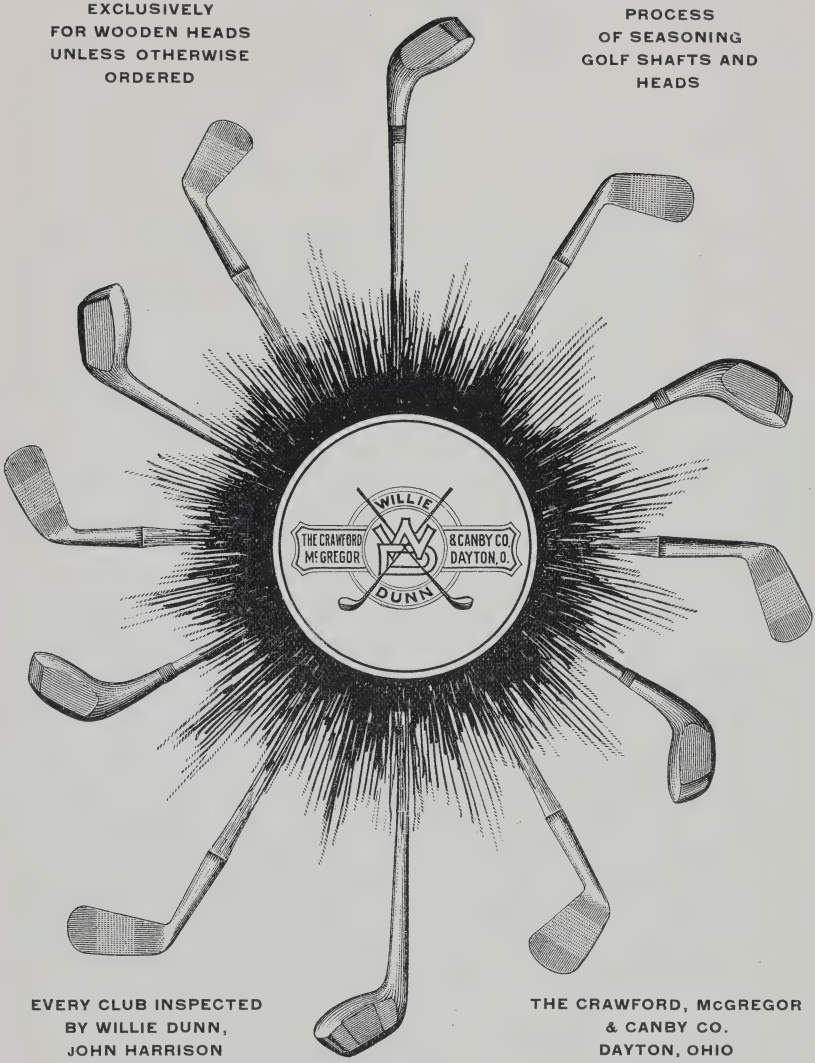
But let me say to you here and now that for beautiful scenery, exquisite surroundings, master work in landscape gardening and delightful climate this place can not be overestimated.

As for the golf course—that tender and ever foremost spot in the hearts of golfers—I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed in it, from the fact that it was evidently laid out by one who did not understand the game in all of its details, for in three places the courses crossed and the teeing grounds were wretchedly formed of loose earth, while the sand greens were underlaid with cinders and pebbles, which made putting an object of terror. But during my sojourn the management, through James Melville, the resident professional, had the course remodeled, new teeing grounds put in and arrangements completed for abolishing the sand greens and substitution of turf throughout the entire course. All of these improvements were to be completed by October 1, so that before this reaches the readers of THE WESTERN GOLFER the evils will have been entirely remedied, and the poor work of a bungling golfer will be relegated to the past at Del Monte.

Naturally the course is quite attractive, though not difficult. The ground is rolling, picturesquely situated and is dotted here and there with great oaks, some of which constitute good hazards, while others lend beauty to the spot and form ample shade, when such a thing is desired; but, fortunately, the climate is so equitable and exhilarting that golfing is a pleasure

PERSIMMON USED
EXCLUSIVELY
FOR WOODEN HEADS
UNLESS OTHERWISE
ORDERED

NEW AND SUCCESSFUL
PROCESS
OF SEASONING
GOLF SHAFTS AND
HEADS



EVERY CLUB INSPECTED
BY WILLIE DUNN,
JOHN HARRISON
AND
WILLIE HOARE

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DAYTON, OHIO
MAKERS OF
HIGHEST CLASS GOLF CLUBS

the year around. Many brilliant contests have taken place on this course, among them the California Championship, which consumed four days of the week before my visit and which drew together a large number of players from all parts of the state.

The holes and the distances are as follows:

1—Morro	344	6—The Hill	215
2—Pines	343	7—Monte	146
3—The Oak	223	8—Gully	277
4—Fence	189	9—Home	219
5—Alameda	263		
Total			2,219

Bogey is 37.

Here I found one of the most thorough professionals that I met in my tour of the state. This is Mr. James Melville, a product of Bonnie Scotland, who knows the game well, and is teaching it properly. Following his lines some of the Del Monte Golfers are likely to be heard from in a very favorable manner. The lack of good instructors is one sad feature of the game on this Coast, and to that fact is due the large number of people there who play at the game, rather than play it. They have learned by themselves, and are not aware of their shortcomings; they know nothing of style or form, the one idea being to "hit the ball and get there."

So much for the golf feature of Del Monte, which, by the way, has come to be one of the great centers of sport in California. Polo, yachting, cycling, etc., are amply provided for, and as I write, a tennis tournament is in progress, in which the champions of the east and west are battling for the honors, on courts that they tell me are perfect in all their appointments.

And now I want to say something concerning the grounds and the Hotel Del Monte itself. In the first place, I must tell you that this is a holding of the Pacific Improvement Company, which is a sufficient cue to the lavish expenditure that is everywhere manifest, and the scale of elegance on which the entire establishment is conducted.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the grounds are a perfect paradise of velvet sward, giant oaks and pines whose long arms interlace at places and from which hang long festoons of graceful moss, palms, cactus, cedars and every other imaginable variety of beautiful flowering plant, from the sturdy dahlia to the most sensative exotic, with a myriad of roses of a degree of loveliness that only California can produce. They bow and bend their graceful blossoms in the gentle breeze, morning, noon and night, and scatter their incense over every corner of the place. One hundred and sixty-two acres are under this form of cultivation and sixty gardeners—two human beings and fifty-eight Chinamen—are constantly employed keeping things in perfect condition.

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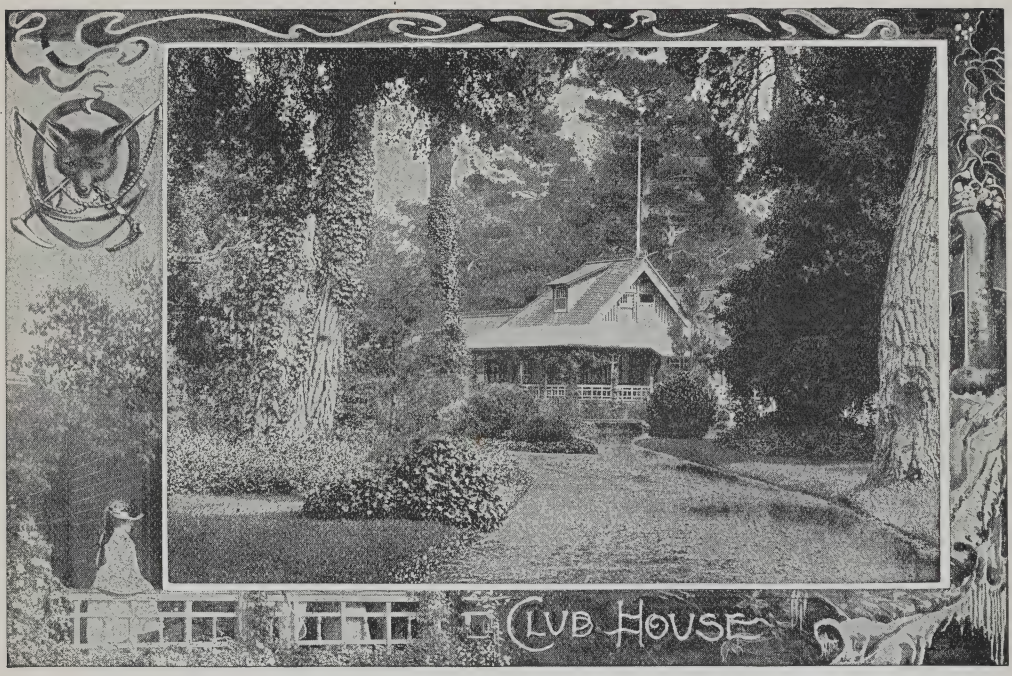

Just south of the tennis courts and but a few steps from the hotel is the most attractive and prettily constructed "maze" I have ever seen—one of those living, growing fifteen puzzles into the depths of which you plunge only to wish you had not been so venturesome, and to long for an experienced guide to give you safe conduct to the outer world. The hedges of this maze are peculiar in that they are trimmed in terraces, the lowest being higher than one's head, and every here and there the trees being left their natural height but being trimmed in spires, cones and crosses. Looking at it across the top it might suggest, from its terraces and crosses and monuments all of emerald green, a cemetery constructed by Irish cliff-dwellers, if history but recorded such a race.

To the south of the maze is the large garden, covering hundreds of acres, from which the hotel tables are supplied with every species of vegetable the year around. Everything grows luxuriantly and matures rapidly.

Over to the east is the artificial lake, covering about thirteen acres, one end of which is a plantation of lovely water lilies. Here rowing and sailing are free to the guests of the hotel, and many, particularly in the evenings, take advantage of it.

A few hundred yards from the hotel, on the wide sandy beach of the Bay of Monterey, is the large bathing pavilion. Here there are three immense heated tanks and one cold one, a passage through the four preparing one for a plunge into the surf, which is reached by stepping from the pavilion to the sand and thence into the bay, where the water has such an even temperature the year through that bathing is as pleasant in winter as in summer.

There are many other attractions that are worthy of the attention of all visitors, a recounting of which would consume a great deal more space than that allotted for this article. I shall therefore content myself here with a reference to one of them—the "seventeen-mile drive," which is undoubtedly the most remarkable highway in the world. It skirts the entire peninsular of Monterey, passes through the town of that name and Pacific Grove, overlooks gorges and chasms in which great waves play tag and roar like wild beasts hungry for their prey, tunnels through forests of oak and pine, winds along the edges of dizzy promontories

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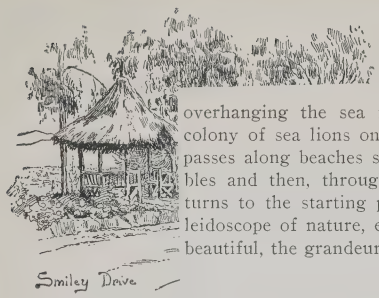
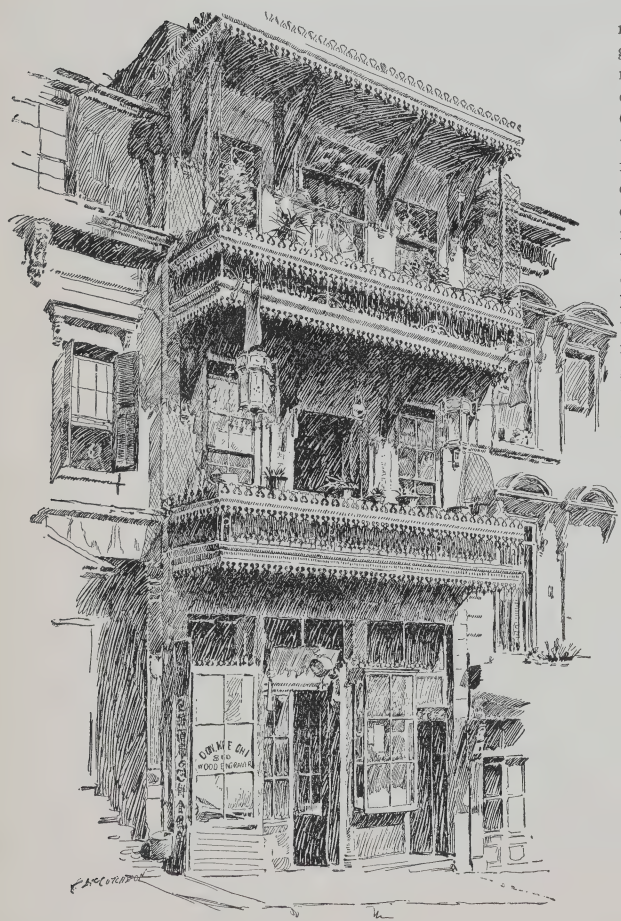


overhanging the sea from which the largest colony of sea lions on the coast may be seen, passes along beaches strewn with colored pebbles and then, through a solemn canyon, returns to the starting point. It is a great kaleidoscope of nature, every changing and ever beautiful, the grandeur of which can not be described, a faithful picture of which can not be painted. The eye alone can grasp its splendor, the soul alone can appreciate its sublimity. Thinking all these things and realizing how much of the real world beautiful I am leaving behind I bid good-bye to Del Monte.

THE "SUNSET METROPOLIS."

GOING to or returning from Del Monte, supposing of course that Southern California has been the initial field of exploration to the pleasure seeker, one naturally drifts into San Francisco, that great ideal of the Californian and that place of constant wonder and strong attraction to the uninitiated. I do not pretend to class San Francisco as a resort, nor do I hold it up as an objective point for the westward bound golfer, but it must not be underestimated as a place of great interest and an example of marvelous enterprise and progressive spirit, within whose confines are many points and numerous sights that may well claim the attention of the traveler for several days.



In San Francisco proper there is absolutely no opportunity to "play a round" with any degree of self-gratification, and the clubs must remain in the bag during your sojourn in the city, unless one takes a run to San Raphael, Oakland or Burlingame, all of which are at very handy distances and of which I will speak further on. To be sure, there is the San Francisco Golf Club, with playing ground and a club house at the Presidio; the club house is a rather pretentious affair, nicely arranged, prettily finished and handsomely furnished, but the course is an absolute libel on the name of golf links. The ground is rough and unkempt and the course is badly laid out, the prettiest and most inviting portion being left unused; the greens are as rough as the rubbing surface of a washboard, the ground is full of holes, and in some places are tremendous cracks into which the hand can be thrust edgewise. If these cracks were a trifle wider a ball would drop into them and probably not stop this side of China. The greens appeared to me as though at some time they had been saturated with water and then rolled with a fifty or seventy-five-ton road roller, thus packing the earth very hard, which, upon being baked in the hot western sun, warped and cracked in the most exasperating fashion.

The most lamentable part of it is that no effort has been made to remedy matters, the members being content to "let it go at that." The teeing grounds are rough and battered, and look as though they might have been the foundation for some of the old missions which Cali-

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The opportunity for pleasurable pastime at Del Monte is simply limitless—riding, driving, wheeling, boating, bathing, hunting, fishing: etc.; and the management wishes especially to announce that a fine golf course has been established.

This charming resort is wholly distinct aud unique; there is no basis of comparison by which its attractions can be measured. None other in the world has such a climate; none is planned on so vast and elaborate a scale, none so absolutely exempt from every annoyance and inconvenience.

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fornians tell us went to ruin hundreds of years ago.

The pathetic feature of this is that the club has an excellent professional, D. Stephenson, a young Scotchman, who is a master of the game and a thorough golfer in spirit, and I could easily discover that the course is a source of deep mortification to him, and is making him lose interest in the place and those who are responsible for it.

But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Suffice it to say that there is an opportunity there for an excellent course, but a niggardly policy and a lack of interest have resulted in making the Presidio links a place about which the least said the better.

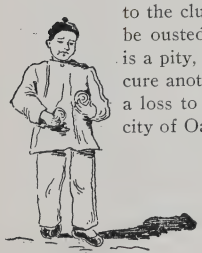
Just across the bay from San Francisco, and reached in a few minutes by one of the large ferries, is Oakland, where is located the Oakland Golf Club, a comparatively young organization, and yet which has a membership of 225, a cosy and artistically arranged club house, and by great odds the best and most attractive course in the entire state, covering about 100 acres of beautiful hilly land, with a liberal sprinkling of pretty trees. The fair greens are good and the eighteen putting greens are of excellent turf, well kept at all times.

The course comprises eighteen holes, the names and distances being as follows:

1—Fence	333	10—Fence	280
2—Gully	160	11—Hill	430
3—Despair	237	12—Long Green	500
4—Klondike	190	13—Round Top	298
5—Turn	261	14—North Field	293
6—Incline	204	15—Incline	204
7—Jumper	292	16—Bunker	383
8—Dyke	327	17—Dyke	327
9—Home	180	18—Home	180
	2,184		2,890

A round of this course made me absolutely homesick, for it is a nearer approach to some of our very attractive courses than anything I found in the far west. It is really a golf course, and when I say that I say all in a general way that can be said in compliment of any course.

There is one, and really only one, unsatisfactory feature about the Oakland Club, and that is the fact that the property does not belong to the club, and some day the organization will be ousted from its very desirable holding. It is a pity, too, for where in California it can secure another playing ground to equal it I am at a loss to figure out. From all I can learn the city of Oakland has its eye on the property, desiring to utilize it for a park, and the prospects are that it will go for that purpose before many seasons have rolled around, and when it does the Oakland club will be a fit subject for sincere condolence.



A short trip by rail northward and the home of the San Raphael Golf Club is reached, where a course is found resembling much the one I have described at Catalina Island. The club draws its membership largely from San Francisco and is in a very flourishing condition. The course is in charge of Professor Tetley, who, I understand, is quite proficient, but whose game I had not an opportunity to judge for myself. He is highly spoken of, however, by all who know him as a gentleman, a player and an instructor.

Burlingame and Santa Cruz are located a short distance south of San Francisco. At both points there are golf courses, but as I had not an opportunity to visit them I am not in a position to give an opinion concerning their attractiveness. The arrangements of my dates prevented visits to these two points, and I am assured by persons familiar with the two places that I was deprived of some very interesting moments.

As side issues for touring golfers let me say that there is a world of things of marked interest to be seen in San Francisco—the Golden Gate, Sutro Park, Golden Gate Park, Cliff House and Seal Rocks, many handsome public buildings, and, above all, that wonderful section of San Francisco—Chinatown.

Chinatown proper occupies an area of about ten blocks, and the buildings are, for the most part, old and dirty. Chinamen may be seen in nearly every state of the Union, but it remains for the Chinatown of San Francisco to illustrate in full their peculiar customs and methods. An inspection of this quarter of the city more than repays the stranger, and a visit should be paid to the pawnshops, the Joss House, theaters and restaurants. The hospitals, fan-tan games, and the odorous and noisome cellars should be visited with a guide. In this connection I want to say that, if possible, a guide should be obtained from J. W. Lemmon & Co., 400 Dupont street, who are not only licensed to act as guides, but who operate the pioneer tourists agency of San Francisco. It must not be imagined that all the "horrors" ascribed by sensational newspapers will be exemplified, even by a night tour.

There are at least 50,000 Chinamen in the district bounded by California, Pacific, Kearney and Stockton streets, and it is safe to state that 49,000 of this number smoke opium.

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END OF THE STORY.

I HAVE now concluded a pleasant task, told a story which it was a true delight to me to learn—the story of golf and golfers of a state that was a glorious revelation to me.

However, I cannot draw this volume to a close without an effort to impress upon the readers of the WESTERN GOLFER that there are a great world of interesting and beautiful things and places that will be encountered, even on a golfing tour of the golden state, upon which I have not thus far touched. It has been my purpose to give quite an extensive understanding of those places only where the royal and ancient game is in vogue, and, in a superficial way, to convey some idea of the many other attractions awaiting those who seek places to play golf on the Pacific coast.

But there are "sights and scenes" that the golfing tourist should not miss, even though the links have to be abandoned for a few hours and the caddy bag laid aside for a day. Among these are San Bernardino, San Jose, Long Beach, Camulos (dear to all lovers of literature as the home of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona"), and the various old Spanish missions, in which the state abounds, and about which crowd so many pathetic memories of absorbing interest.

At Palo Alto is the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, a handsome structure, in the mission style of architecture, with low-tiled roofs and massive walls of buff sandstone, surrounded by a magnificent park-like tract of 8,000 acres. A little farther to the south is San Jose, a beautiful city of 25,000 inhabitants, in the very heart of the productive Santa Clara valley, and eastward from which, twenty-six miles by stage, is Mt. Hamilton, where is located the great Lick Observatory.

And thus I might go on *ad infinitum*. But I am not writing a history of California, nor yet an encyclopedia of its many attractions. I could not if I would, and so I will leave the readers of the WESTERN GOLFER to discover much for themselves, expressing only the hope that I have told of what I have seen in a way that has interested them sufficiently to compensate for its perusal, and that after having perused it they will say, as Shakespeare, in Henry IV.:

"I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee."

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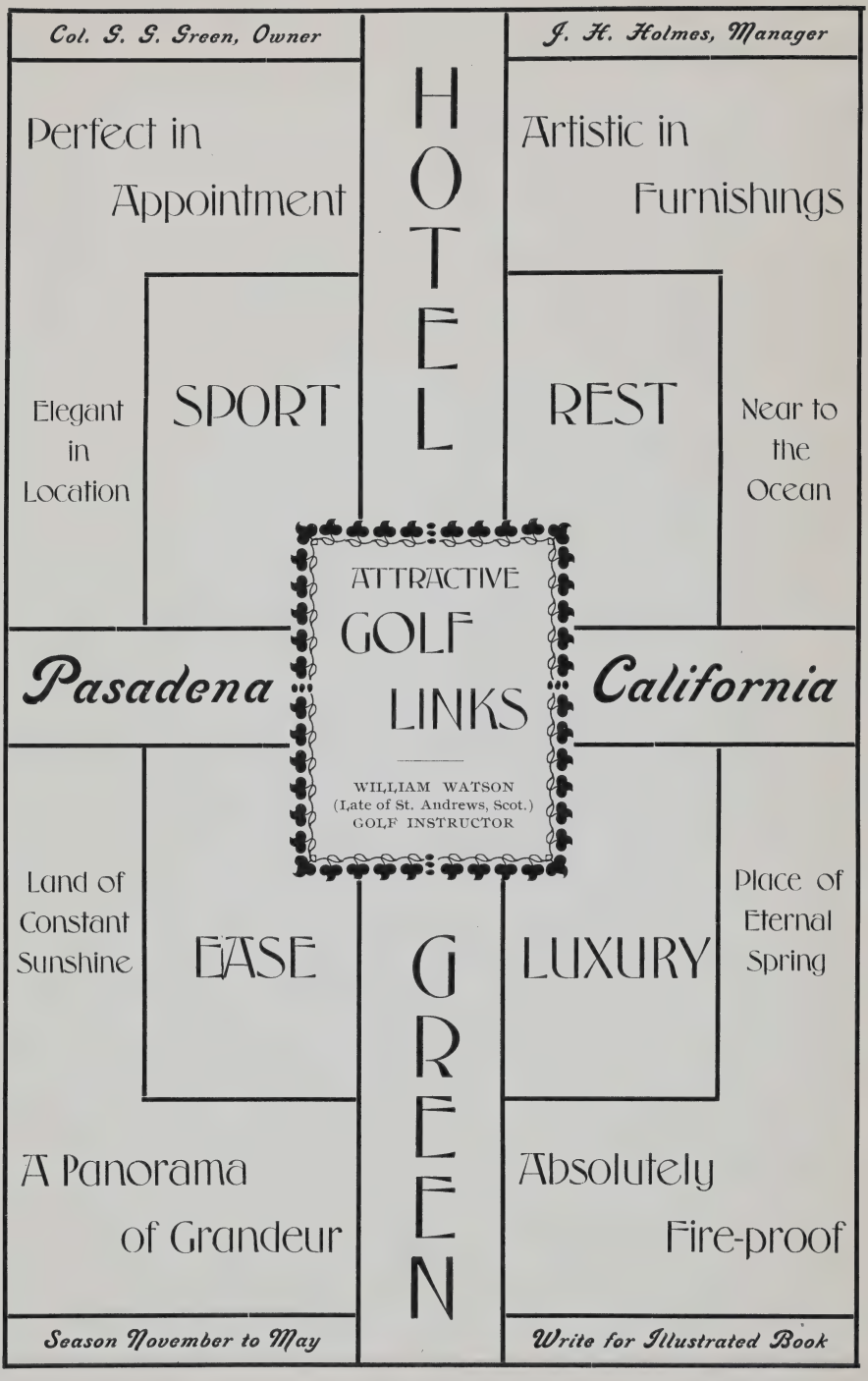
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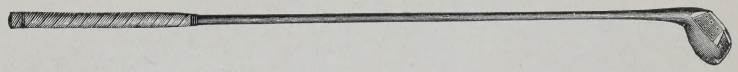

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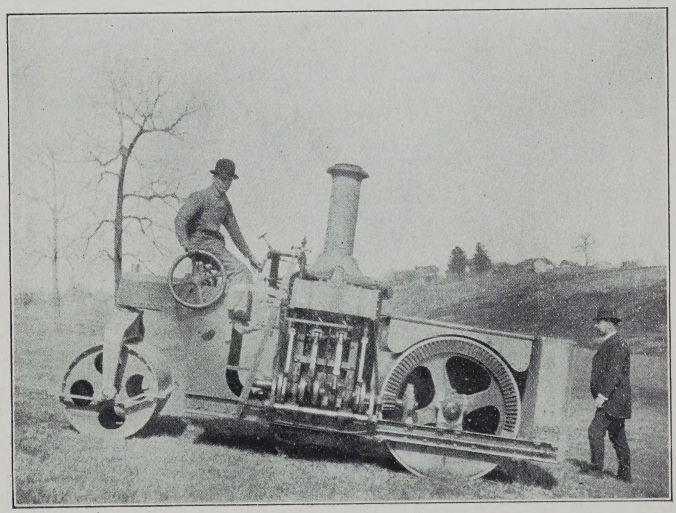

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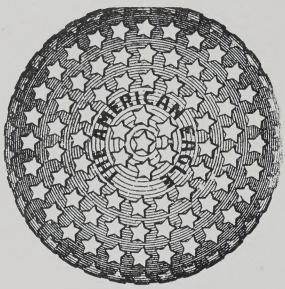

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